

THE VVhipster of VVoodstreet,

O'R,

A True Account of the Barbarous and Horrid Murther committed on the Body
of *Mary Cox*, late Servant in Woodstreet LONDON.

Tane of, Gjin King of the Gjestes.

Licensed according to Order.



A while ago some mournful tale,
While I p. sad story relate;
Met all that these Lines peruse,
I found a poor wretch hard fate;
Who Guiltless and Innocent fell,
By the hands of a barbarous Dame:
As fierce as a fury of Hell,
Her legs eternal shame.

Her husband to Bristol went,
His Trade to advance at the Laid:
Whilst he was on mischief bent,
Such mischief he can't repair:
So suspicion o'is clouding her mind,
Met a tempest within her breast:
Her soul like a sea with rough wind,
Was ruffled and robb'd of rest.

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All jealous she taxed her maid,
and false did her accuse,
With these she did her upbraid;
and shamefully did abuse:
While the maid in her own defence,
undaunted and boldly stood,
Which made the fierce Dame comment,
a Tragedy full of Blood.

She caus'd her to be fast bound
to the post of her husbands bed,
where she did her body wound,
and whipp'd her almost dead:
thus did she a Confession extort,
of Crimes which the Maid never knew,
commenting her in such a sort,
as wou'd make ones heart for to rue.

This monster not satisfied yet,
tho' the blood run from every part,
Made an Iron rod hot in a fire,
resolving to give her more smart,
She burnt her in shoulders and thighs,
and several times under her ears,
she wou'd not come near her Eyes, (tears)
lest the Iron shou'd be quenched with her

Her body was blister'd and whall'd,
she was burnt from the head to the heel,
her skin was so parch'd that it scal'd,
no pain like to what she did feel:
she kept in her Chamber three days,
unwilling the fact shou'd be known,
And turn to her Masters dispraise,
if her cruel torments shou'd be known.

As soon as dawn streaks she came,
her Mistris was in the old mood,
The merciless Savage Dame,
did thirst for her very hearts blood:
she caus'd her two Apprentices then,
seck and herle the poor Creature to bind,
So Tygers within her Den,
ere she wou'd a more Savage mind.

She kick'd her and spurn'd her about,
and bid the young Lad do the same:
Resolving to at her part out,
thus ended the tragical game,
she catch'd up a hammer in haste,
and pierc'd the maids hairs at a blow,
for which, of the heap she must taste,
old Tyburn must have her A row.

Printed for W. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-Lane; J. Miller at the Angel in Little-Britain; and Alex. Milbourn at the Stationers-Arms in Green-Arbour-Court in the Little-Old-Baily. Where any Chapman may be Furnished with all Sorts of Small BOOKS and BALLADS at Reasonable Rates.